

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

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VOL. XXVII.

QUIETING DOWN.

On Every Hand the Strike Is Rapidly Petering Out.

TRAINS MOVING AT CHICAGO.

Railroads Succeed in Sending Off Both Freight and Passengers.

ONE DAY WITHOUT MOB VIOLENCE.

President Cleveland's Proclamation Runs Runs and Polks Indoors.

A. R. U. MEN REBEL AGAINST DEBS.

Pullman Absolutely Refuses to Arbitrate. Knights of Labor and Printers Recommend the Determination to Strike.

Chicago, July 9.—The war cloud which has overhung this city and this land for the past ten days shows distinct signs of lifting.

Instead of stories of additional railroads tied up at various points throughout the country, today's dispatches, almost without exception, bring accounts of strikers returning to work and an increased resumption of traffic amounting in some places to a return to normal conditions.

The day in Chicago has passed without a serious conflict between the rioters and the armed forces now on duty here. The feature of the day has been the action early this morning after an all-night session of the federal trades unions in Chicago in deciding to call out all classes of labor on Tuesday afternoon at 4 o'clock, unless George M. Pullman should have agreed, before the meridian of that day, to settle the differences between his company and his striking employees by arbitration or otherwise.

For reasons not known to the public was made that President Gompers, of the Knights of Labor, and his advisers, subsequently decided to postpone the general walkout and paralytic strike which they proposed to inflict upon the business of Chicago until 7 o'clock Wednesday morning.

Late this afternoon the announcement was made that President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, had called a meeting of the executive committee of that organization to be held in this city on Thursday, and that he would leave New York for Chicago tomorrow evening. In view of this, it is not believed that the federal trades of Chicago will take any definite action before consultation with him.

President Gompers says it will be impossible to decide on a line of action to be pursued before Thursday, and probably if it should finally be resolved to declare a general strike of all these combined forces, it could not be put into effect before Friday morning. In this connection, the interesting question arises whether or not, if President Gompers allows himself to be hauled from New York to Chicago by non-union engineers and firemen, his visit will be of any particular profit. One labor leader in Chicago said today that if he did so, he might as well stay in New York.

The Conservatives Were Stampeded.

Another feature to be noted in connection with the meeting of Chicago's federated laborers, is the fact which was developed that there was in the meeting a large and influential conservative element whose action had practically blocked the plans of the more hot-headed leaders until the latter in the excitement, consequent upon the reading of President Cleveland's proclamation, were enabled to stampede them and carry the strike resolution. Therefore, there is reason to believe that even if the order for a general strike finally goes forth, many of those to whom it is directed, will decline to obey it. So that the men already made idle by the effect of the tie up, the walkout will not be nearly so important as anticipated by the leaders.

What effect, if any, the action of Vice President McKim, of the Pullman company, this morning in refusing in the most positive manner to even meet a committee to consider the question of arbitration, will have upon the final decision of the labor leaders and their followers, remains to be seen.

Meeting of the Labor Committees.

The executive committee on arbitration and the committee of seven appointed at last night's meeting of the trades unions, met at 184 Madison street at 1:15 o'clock. J. J. McKim, of the Seaman's union, presided.

Brief addresses were made by Delegates Hattie Lindholm and Currie, setting forth the position of the unions, and expressing a clear realization of the gravity of the present situation.

Alderman McGillen responded, briefly sketching the fruitless efforts of the committee of arbitration and concluding with the suggestion that as the Pullman company had said there was nothing to arbitrate, that a committee of five to investigate that statement be appointed, which should inquire into the facts and discover if there be grounds for arbitration. He moved that it be the sense of the meeting that such a committee should be selected and two members be named by the Pullman company, two by the judges of the circuit court of Cook county and the fifth member to be named by the four so chosen. The meeting voted unanimously in favor of the proposition, and a committee, composed of Aldermen McGillen, Marner,

Muelhoefer and Poere, and Delegates El-derk, Elro and Lindholm were appointed to lay the proposition before Vice President McKim, of the Pullman company, for his acceptance or rejection, and to report at 4:30 o'clock p. m.

The officials of the Pullman company absolutely refused to entertain the proposition made by the joint committee, and there seems nothing left now to prevent the great strike of all industries arranged for twenty-four hours hence.

At 6 o'clock p. m. a joint committee of the city council and of the federated trades unions called on Mr. McKim, and asked him to consent to the appointment of five arbitrators, but to determine whether or not the Pullman company has anything to arbitrate. The committee as proposed was to consist of two citizens chosen by the Pullman company, two by the circuit court judges and one by these four.

What Mr. McKim Said.

The interview between Vice President McKim, of the Pullman company, and the committee from the city council and the labor organizations, which waited upon him, was dramatic in the extreme. Alderman McGillen was the spokesman for the committee.

"Do you come as an official of the city?" Mr. McKim asked the alderman.

"I do," replied Mr. McGillen.

"Do you represent the mayor in this matter?" inquired the Pullman official.

"The mayor will endorse our action here," the alderman replied.

Alderman McGillen addressed Mr. McKim and placed before him the proposition as authorized by the full committee. Once, as the alderman trailed for an instant, Mr. McKim said: "The company cannot recede from the position it has already taken."

The interjection aroused Alderman McGillen and he eloquently portrayed the situation in all its bearings and the inevitable consequences. Mr. McKim listened attentively. He seemed touched by the appeal, and when the spokesman had concluded, retired with Attorney John S. Runnells, of the Pullman company, for consultation.

The delay was of brief duration. When he returned every one present read in Vice President McKim's stern face the fatal answer he would make. The feeling was intense, and the little throng composed of committee members and members of the press and news associations waited breathlessly for him to speak. Addressing Alderman McGillen, Mr. McKim said: "The Pullman company has nothing to arbitrate."

Then there was a painful silence. Alderman McGillen seemed paralyzed for a moment. He could not believe the Pullman company would assume a responsibility so tremendously grave.

"Am I to understand," he slowly said, "that the Pullman company refuses to arbitrate, made at so grave an hour, and upon which so much depends?"

"The Pullman company has nothing to arbitrate," reiterated Mr. McKim.

Mr. McGillen said: "Mr. McKim, your company demands that the police protection of the federal government, the state of Illinois, the county of Cook, and the city of Chicago, and yet you utterly ignore a fair request made by the city, a request the fundamental idea of which is the preservation of peace. We have come to you, and you refuse to arbitrate. We have assumed grave responsibility, in thus refusing the request we make—a responsibility, greater perhaps, than even you are aware of."

"There is a principle involved in this matter which the Pullman company will not permit to be sacrificed. We will not be permitted to run their business in their own way, and without interference from their employees or from anybody else. We shall not allow any one to tell us how our business shall be conducted and we shall not consent to arbitration. Our business is our own private affair and we want no interference from federal or state, or any other government," Mr. McKim replied.

There was nothing more to say.

Endorsing Mr. Cleveland.

Tonight's action of the city council in respect to Mr. Cleveland's order bringing federal troops to Chicago was followed by a large number of endorsements of his action sent him by prominent business men of the city. The list of signatures included those of almost every conspicuous merchant, manufacturer and banker of Chicago.

Touching the situation in general, it may be said that the Chicago roads were all doing better than on any day since the strike began. Passenger trains were moving with more or less regularity and freight had been cared for with good results.

At St. Louis, Kansas City and Denver it was reported that railroad business had about returned to normal conditions. Nashville also reported an improvement.

About the only points at which the strike managers showed any gain were in the partial walkout of firemen at Fort Scott, Kas.; the freight men on the Kanawha and Michigan at Charleston, W. Va., and the strike of the American Railway Union men on the Big Four at Madison street.

The more day of suspension, and the city will either be restored to a peaceful condition or riot and anarchy will run loose in the streets. This is the universal verdict as to the outcome of the attempt at arbitration with the Pullman company, which failed today, and the unanimous agreement of all labor organizations to strike in sympathy with the Pullman employees and the American Railway Union unless a settlement of strike and boycott is effected before 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

The Printers Have Not Consented.

The rumors have been flying today about the probable action of the strikers and the authorities. It is not doubted that over one hundred thousand men will obey the call to strike as agreed upon at the meeting. Only one union has not agreed to strike, and that is the printers.

The gravity of the situation is becoming more and more apparent in Chicago and as the feeling increases the efforts on the part of the disinterested parties to secure a settlement have been redoubled.

Anarchists Busy.

The news spread tonight that the anarchists in Chicago had not neglected the opportunity to inflame the excited masses with their destructive doctrine, and it has tended to increase the excitement and suspense. During the meetings held in Ulich hall for the past week representative anarchists have been present in the lobby at all times. Sam Fielden and his friends have been conspicuous and their effort, apparently, to reawaken an interest in the anarchical

doctrine have been looked upon with favor both by the American Railway Union officials and the authorities.

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION.

Covering Turbulent Districts Not Named in the Former One.

Washington, July 9.—The president this evening followed his proclamation of last night by issuing another of the same tenor, but more general in its application. The proclamation is as follows:

"By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation: Whereas, By reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages of persons, it has become impracticable, in the judgment of the president, to enforce, by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, the laws of the United States, at certain points and places within the states of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Wyoming, Colorado and California and the territories of Utah and New Mexico, and especially along the lines of such railways traversing said states and territories as are necessary roads of commerce and are engaged in interstate commerce and in carrying United States mails;

"And, whereas, For the purpose of enforcing the faithful execution of the laws of the United States and protecting property belonging to the United States, or under its protection, and of preventing obstructions of the United States mails and of commerce between the states and territories, and of securing to the United States the rights guaranteed by law to the use of such roads for postal, military, naval and other government service, the president has employed a part of the military forces of the United States;

"Now, therefore, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, hereby command all persons engaged in, or in any way connected with such unlawful obstructions, combinations and assemblages, to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes on or before 3 o'clock in the afternoon, on the 10th day of July, instant."

GENERAL MILES'S ORDER.

Federal Troops Are to Co-Operate with the State and City Forces.

Chicago, July 9.—This order was issued this afternoon by General Miles:

"To all United States troops serving in the department of Missouri: The acts of violence committed during the past few days in the stopping of mail trains and post roads; the blocking of interstate commerce; open defiance and violation of the injunction of the United States court; the assaults upon the federal forces and the lawful discharge of their duties; the destruction, pillage and looting of interstate commerce property belonging to citizens of the different states, and other acts of rebellion and lawlessness, have been of such a serious character that the duties of the military authorities are more clearly defined.

"The proclamation of the president for the commander of the land and naval forces, and the order of the military service, is understood by the military to be in the interest of humanity and to avoid the useless waste of life if possible.

"It is the executive order for all law-abiding citizens to separate themselves from the lawbreakers and those in actual hostility to the action of the United States court and the laws of the United States government. He has defined the attitude of these lawbreakers to be that of enemies of the government, and hence, it is the duty of the military forces to aid the United States marshals to disperse, capture or destroy the lawless elements, and in case of resistance, to use the force of the United States government in the United States of America.

"This does not change the relation of the federal officials with those of the local authority, as it is expected that the state and municipal governments will maintain peace and good order within their territory, and should they fail to do so, the military forces will assist them, but not to the extent of leaving unprotected property belonging to or under the protection of the United States.

"The officer in the immediate command of troops must be the judge as to what use to make of the forces of his command in any case of disturbance, and in case of serious action be required, and if there be time, he will communicate with his next superior for his instructions.

"The earnest efforts of the law-abiding citizens have done much to improve the condition of affairs during the last few days, and I earnestly request all law-abiding citizens to do whatever possible to assist in maintaining the civil government and the peace of the country, and to aid the federal governments in preserving peace and good order."

Harriett Criticizes the Proclamation.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 9.—General Harrison today mildly criticized the proclamation of President Cleveland regarding the railroad strikes at Chicago. He said it was the first time in the history of the United States government that the president had ordered federal troops into a state without request from the governor of such state, and against his protest. He did not question his right to do so, however.

The backbone of the strike is broken here. All trains running on the roads claim they are less than 100 men short.

Destroying Property in California.

San Francisco, July 9.—The strikers are armed to the teeth with Winchester rifles, and are tearing up the tracks on the various roads. The city officers are unable to cope with the mob. Much damage is already done, and still continues.

The strikers have temporary headquarters at the depot, and are massed at their headquarters, awaiting orders from their leader, Knox. In anticipation of the regular troops being called out, a number of Sacramento strikers have been sent to Stockton to blockade the road, also to warn the men of the approach of the soldiers.

Improvement at Memphis.

Memphis, Tenn., July 9.—The general strike situation in Memphis is decidedly improved today. The tie-up on the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis, and the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham was broken today at 11 o'clock. Passenger trains with Pullmans attached, left Memphis for Kansas City and Birmingham. The situation on all the other lines is unchanged.

WHEELS TURN AGAIN.

All Over the Country the Roads Resume Operations.

STRIKERS RETURN AT ST. LOUIS.

In the South the Tie-Up Seems Pretty Well Broken.

TRAINS LEAVE NASHVILLE ON TIME.

At Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chattanooga, Meridian, Birmingham Traffic Will Be Handled About as Usual Today.

Chicago, July 9.—Chairman John M. Egan, chairman of the Association of Railroad Managers, when asked tonight by the Associated Press for an official statement of the condition of the roads, represented in that association, said:

"With the exception of two or three minor instances, there has been no trouble or disturbance reported today. All the lines have run their regular through passenger and mail trains, and a number of the lines resumed their suburban trains. All of the lines commenced work in their freight yards and many freight trains were run in and out of the city. The Union Stockyards Company are clearing the tracks of wreckage and repairing the damage done during the past week. They expect to commence operation tomorrow (Tuesday) morning. The total number of trains moved today are equal to the total number moved during the past four days. It is true that trains have been guarded to prevent their being molested, but the action of the military towards the mobs and rioters during the past two days have had a most satisfactory effect. The president's proclamation, together with General Miles's order has produced excellent results. The lines of railroad expect to show better results tomorrow. The men who have replaced the strikers are good, practical men and are satisfactory to the lines that have employed them."

OPENING UP AT NASHVILLE.

The Roads Control the Situation and Are Handling Freight.

Nashville, Tenn., July 9.—(Special.)—Neither the Louisville and Nashville nor the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis had any trouble with passenger trains today. Two freight trains arrived here on the Louisville and Nashville—one from Bowling Green and one from Decatur. The road made no attempt to send out any freight and the freight depot is closed.

The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis, however, opened its freighthouse this morning and received freight all day. It cleaned up its yards practically by sending out three freight trains last night and two this morning.

The Southern train tonight took out the first sleeper that has left here for Chicago in ten days.

Numerous meetings of all the local branches of various railway orders were held here today, but little or nothing was agreed upon. The roads have been endeavoring to have the men fulfill contracts with the road and have refused to recognize the American Railway Union, with which they have no contract. All the strikers belong to one or the other orders with which the roads have contracts.

The Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis announces tonight that beginning tomorrow morning all freight trains will be called to go on their regular runs and if they fail to respond their places will be filled.

WHEELS TURN AT MERIDIAN.

Engineers Take Out Their Trains with Non-Union Firemen.

Meridian, Miss., July 9.—(Special.)—The topic for conversation upon the streets here today was the great strike. The bulletin boards were eagerly watched by all classes. There has been no boisterous conduct on the part of the strikers or general public. The city is very quiet. The firemen struck yesterday, but the running of through passenger trains has not been interfered with. The engineers made their usual passenger runs with non-union firemen. The employees, 275 in number, of the Queen and Crescent shops refused to work this morning and the shops are shut up. The Mobile and Ohio and the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia are running all trains as usual.

Chattanooga's Tracks Clear.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 9.—All fear of a strike at Chattanooga is gone. The only trouble here now is the strike of the firemen on the Alabama Great Southern railroad, and that is not at all interfering with the running of passenger trains. All the men on all of the other roads are at their posts and are both freight and passenger are running regularly. A freight train and fifty-two cars, pulled by two mogul engines, cleared off the perishable freight that had accumulated here in the yards of the Cincinnati Southern.

The effect of President Cleveland's proclamation is noticeable. The men and women are enthusiastic in their approval of the president's course. Engineer Milton Freeman and Fireman Myron Manker, both prominent members of their respective brotherhoods, in interviews with The Times tomorrow openly endorse the attitude of President Cleveland.

Strike on the L. and N.

Louisville, Ky., July 9.—The strike has at last reached this city. The American Railway Union men of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, composed of firemen and switchmen, struck at 1:15 o'clock this morning. Some delay was experienced by the south-bound passenger train, but they got away all right and the New Orleans express had three Pullmans attached to it. There was no attempt to interfere with the departure of trains, the delay being caused in securing firemen to run them.

The companies seem to have prepared for the trouble and as yet have not experienced any trouble in running trains deserted by firemen.

The American Railway Union men on the Bowling Green branch, numbering about a hundred, composed of firemen, brakemen and mechanics, struck this afternoon. Resolutions were adopted declaring for peace and opposing violence. The American Railway Union men on the other roads

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KEEPS HIM UP LATE.

Mr. Cleveland Is Losing Sleep on Account of the Strike.

GENERAL GORDON VOLUNTEERS.

If Needed, His Services Are at the Government's Disposal.

SOUTHERN PEOPLE FOR LAW AND ORDER.

The Senator Says That Mob Violence Must Be Suppressed—His Sympathies Are with the Working People.

Washington, July 9.—(Special.)—Mr. Cleveland has been a very busy man for several days past on account of the rioting among the strikers at Chicago. He has been up every night until after midnight in consultation with General Schofield and members of his cabinet and has personally issued orders and instructions to General Miles. His course in dealing with the strikers is very much admired by the public men of both parties here. They think he is just right in what he has done, although some of them say he might have done it earlier.

However, everybody agrees that he has his course in dealing with the strikers is handling the matter and that his action will bring about a speedy termination of the rioting.

Senator Gordon was at the white house this morning. He told the president that his course was eminently proper and that it would be endorsed by the entire country. If it were to become necessary to call for volunteers, Senator Gordon said he would be glad to tender his services.

Southern People for Order.

Senator Gordon, as commander-in-chief of the United Confederate Veterans was asked today by a reporter of the Southern Associated Press what he thought of the great strike, looking at it from a southern standpoint. He replied:

"I have nothing to say about it from a southern standpoint, but I have something to say as an American citizen. There is nothing peculiar in the southern view of the situation, unless the fact that the southern people, to a man, are for law and order be peculiar. My sympathies are, and always have been, strongly enlisted for the laboring classes. They have as much right to organize for their protection and improvement as capital has for its protection and interest; but mob law, mob rule, mob violence, cannot be tolerated in this country. It must be put down at any cost or the government cannot last. Defiance of law is more dangerous under our form of government than under any other. We have no crown and whose edicts are laws, but we have laws made by the representatives of the people, and the people will see them enforced at all hazards. Personal liberty, which is every man's birthright, is one thing; but lawlessness is a very different thing. The line between the two is very broad and deep and the constituted authorities cannot mistake or ignore it, nor can the people."

General Gordon Was Asked What He Thought of the Result. He Replied:

"I cannot predict. The situation is serious. I hope the matter may be settled without more bloodshed. But one thing is certain, the law will be enforced and the public peace preserved. The courts, the militia, the states, and the standing army, will probably suffice for this purpose, but if not there will be no necessity of increasing the standing army, for every law-abiding citizen in this country from one end of it to the other, will volunteer, if need be, to sustain the constituted authorities of the land in upholding the law."

OFFERING THEIR SERVICES.

Large Bodies of Men Volunteer to Aid in Keeping Order.

Washington, July 9.—An officer of the government states tonight that the president and secretary of war had been flooded today with telegrams and letters from all parts of the country, tendering to the government the support of large bodies of men in the event

COME OFF, COME OFF!

Mr. Charles Collier Answers Charges Against Colonel Livingston.

HE CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE JOURNAL

The Exposition Bill Now in the Senate Is the Identical Bill Introduced by Colonel Livingston.

"The exposition bill now pending in the senate is exactly the same identical bill that was introduced by Colonel Livingston," said Mr. Charles Collier, president of the Cotton States and International Exposition Company and vice president of The Atlanta Journal Publishing Company, yesterday.

He said this with some spirit, declaring at the time that there was not one word of truth in the editorial statement in The Journal yesterday afternoon to the effect that Colonel Livingston had introduced a bill asking for a direct appropriation from the government to the exposition.

"I don't see why The Journal keeps on publishing such things as this," continued Mr. Collier, "when there are men on the staff who know that it is not true. I have told them so myself, and I have been told by the senate bill and the house bill, and am intimately acquainted with the whole history of the movement at Washington. I have told them that The Journal office has been told that the bill is the identical bill that Colonel Livingston introduced. I know this to be true, and there is not one word of truth in this talk about Colonel Livingston's bill having been thrown aside by Senators Gordon and Walsh. They simply took the bill bodily from Colonel Livingston after it had been through the house committee. It is the Livingston bill, and nobody else's—that's the whole story."

Coming from the president of the Cotton States and International Exposition Company and the vice president of The Journal Publishing Company, this seems to be a pretty significant reply to the editorial charge made against Colonel Livingston in yesterday's Journal.

What the Journal Said.

The editorial to which Mr. Collier referred said many strange things, among which the following sentences present a striking example:

"The Journal has shown that Livingston started out on an utterly impractical plan. He introduced a bill for a direct appropriation to the exposition, a bill which could not be passed by the senate and which put the exposition in the hands of the government. . . . We could never have gotten aid from the government on the Livingston plan. . . ."

"He asked a direct appropriation to the Atlanta exposition, when any man in his position ought to have had sense enough to know that the only way to secure government aid for the enterprise is the way which our senators have adopted."

Mr. Collier Continues.

"Now what are the facts in the case," said Mr. Collier, after reading the editorial that appeared in yesterday's Journal.

"To my certain knowledge Livingston is the author of the bill now pending before congress. He introduced the bill and it was adopted by the committee with but one slight change. The bill originally had in it a clause providing that the department of state of this country should have charge of the work of sending out invitations to foreign nations to have exhibits at our exposition. This clause was objected to because it was claimed that experience had taught the United States that whenever it had by authority of the department of state sent invitations to foreign nations to give exhibits at fairs in this country, if there was any damage to the exhibit the government would have to make it good."

"This was the only change that was made and the bill that Colonel Livingston introduced is the identical bill that is now before the senate, the only difference being the last three lines which were added by Senator Gordon and which read: 'Provided that the government shall appoint one member of the commission from the colored race.'"

"Now, this is the history of the bill. It is Colonel Livingston's bill. Colonel Livingston did not go before the congress of the United States, as The Journal keeps on saying he did, with a bill asking for an appropriation of money direct. He did nothing of the sort. I was there and I know."

"The Journal itself published the full text of the bill when Colonel Livingston introduced it and reference to its own files will show that they claim now—ask for money directly out of the treasury."

It Seems Strange to Him.

"Now, it all seems very strange to me," said Mr. Collier, "that a newspaper should want to be printing such things when it is hard to get the interests of our exposition so. It is hard to estimate the damage to the cause of the exposition that can be dealt by just such scattering talk as all this. It is doing us no good. It is getting up a lot of discord. It will sound strange to the men at Washington. It is very, very foolish. Nobody deplores it more than I do, for I do feel that the interests of our exposition are too dear and close to the great heart of Atlanta to be chopped up by the way. The other night, when I read a dispatch from The Journal's Washington correspondent, the spirit of which was absurd criticisms of Colonel Livingston's work for the exposition, belittling his work in every line and sentence, I went to the telephone and called Mr. Cabaniss and told him that after that I would look for The Journal to come squarely out and oppose the exposition, since that article, whether they would it or not, placed them in the role of working harm to our cause."

Mr. Collier talked on with much spirit. He was evidently indignant at the schemes of The Journal, which for the sake of working to the gain of a favored candidate for office is working such injury to the exposition and the interests of the people of Atlanta.

He talked with that spirit which has always characterized him and made him distinguished as a public spirited Atlantan. Mr. Collier was elected to the office of president of the Cotton States and International Exposition because he is capable of managing it, and because he has always lived the life of the typical, plucky, indomitable Atlantan citizen. He has the interest of the city close to his heart, and certainly feels deeply the harm that is being done the exposition by The Atlanta Journal, and of which paper he is himself a stockholder and vice president.

The Majority Still Float.

From The Galveston News.

Life is a sea in which people swim and drown.

L. F. HILL.

WILL START TODAY,

And from Now Until the End Things Will Hum at the Park.

THE GREAT EXPOSITION WORK BEGINS

It Is the One Thing in Which Georgians and All Other Southerners Feel the Deepest Interest.

Today it will begin to look like business at the exposition grounds.

Since Saturday the contractors to whom has been let the work of preparing the grounds for the great building, have been getting ready to put a big force of hands on the excavating, and if the weather permits today the first dirt will be moved to the entire county.

It will be an auspicious day in the exposition movement.

Every day brings forth some important developments. At both ends of the line valuable work is being done, and the news from Washington is encouraging.

It is very evident that this exposition is the one thing in which not only Georgians, but all other southerners, are most deeply interested these days. It is the one thing that means more to the south than all other industrial movements combined—the one that will bring the greatest results.

It is not an Atlanta enterprise, or a Georgia enterprise alone, but a southern enterprise in the biggest and broadest sense of the word. And it is especially a Georgia enterprise, as it is to be held here, in the Empire State of the South. Not a day passes that the exposition mail does not bring letters from all parts of the state endorsing the great enterprise. A great many Georgians have written to their congressmen, urging the importance of standing to Congressmen Livingston and Senators Gordon and Walsh in the splendid work they are doing. Of course no representative from Georgia needs any urging, but that the people are taking the trouble to write shows the deep interest they feel in the matter. It is close to the heart of all the people.

Here's a set of resolutions adopted by Waco's most prominent commercial organization:

The Waco Commercial Club.

"Waco, Tex., July 9, 1894.—Resolved, by the Commercial Club of Waco, Tex., That it gladly commends any movement of southern origin for the country's good, like the proposed Atlanta, Ga., Cotton States and International exposition in September, 1895, for adding to our foreign trade Pan-American business of vast bulk, and controlled both ways by people further off than ours."

"Resolved, That Waco, one of the thorough-going cities of great Texas, with a large and growing interest in every kind of trade growth, but especially in business like this, that her state is so magnificently equipped for handling."

"Resolved, That the nation's capital, to add in giving every dignity to this southern stroke for the common prosperity by government approval in the practical form of a national exhibit now favorably reported in the house, and that these resolutions be sent to them."

J. W. RIGGIN, President.
J. H. O'NEAL, Secretary.

MR. MAY'S BROUGHT HOME.

The funeral of Mr. J. G. May, the late superintendent of the Georgia division of the Southern Express Company, will occur this morning at 10:30 o'clock from the First Methodist church.

Dr. Robins, the pastor, will conduct the services, assisted by General C. A. Evans, a warm personal friend of the deceased.

The following gentlemen will act as pallbearers: Messrs. W. W. Hulbert, E. F. Carey, G. W. Bacon, C. M. Browne, John R. Heckman, E. W. Leary, of Chattanooga; Mr. H. C. Fisher, of Nashville; Mr. G. W. Agee, of Memphis; Mr. C. A. Pardee, of New Orleans; Mr. E. F. Carey, of Macon; Mr. C. M. Browne, of Columbus; Mr. E. B. Hockaday, of Greenville, and a number of other prominent officials.

For nearly thirty years Superintendent May was a trusted and faithful employee of the Southern Express Company. He was rigid in the performance of every duty and his services were of paramount value to the company. In his tragical death the company has sustained a great loss and one that cannot be easily repaired.

There was a meeting of the South Carolina Society last night for the purpose of taking action in regard to the death of Mr. May and to have the society represented at the funeral.

The Southern Express office was closed all day yesterday and the emblems of mourning were displayed about the front. The office will remain closed until after the funeral this morning.

Mr. May was an active member of the South Carolina Society, in which he was a general favorite. President Wilkes has appointed the following gentlemen to accompany him to attend the funeral: First Vice President W. P. Calhoun, Second Vice President G. O. Elfe, Secretary John Ravenel, Dr. J. C. Oimstead, S. T. Weyman, S. T. Sparkman, J. H. Mauldin, L. A. Tansil, J. C. Haskel.

The Southern Carolina Society will send a floral emblem, a broken shaft, as its tribute.

The following gentlemen, who were warm friends of Mr. May, are requested to meet at the funeral at 10 o'clock and act as a personal escort:

W. A. Bates, Henry Richardson, Allan Morris, James Thomas, W. Hill, Frank Fontaine, Dr. J. C. Oimstead, Thomas J. Leftwich.

Mr. J. G. May was a member of the Alabama Society of Atlanta, and cherished a loving memory of that state.

An escort was yesterday appointed from that society to attend his funeral: Messrs. M. F. Echols, W. Fred B. Law, C. W. Motes, G. A. Nicholson, D. C. Sims, A. C. Woolley, B. F. Wylly, Jr., and Porter King.

These gentlemen are requested to meet at the funeral this morning at the late residence of Mr. May, No. 522 Spring street.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder.

INVITED TO DEKALB.

Citizens of Stone Mountain Want Colonel Livingston to Address Them.

THEY PREFER A JOINT DEBATE

The Congressman's Friends from All Over the District Report Him as Good as Nominated Right Now.

Colonel Livingston is wanted in DeKalb county.

Yesterday morning a petition signed by 100 voters of Stone Mountain was brought to Atlanta, asking that one of the proposed joint debates be held at Stone Mountain, which, the petition recited, "was the center of DeKalb county and would be acceptable to the entire county."

When opposition first developed against Colonel Livingston it was announced that Colonel Candler, being a resident of DeKalb county, would of course carry that county. Colonel Livingston immediately took issue with the proposition and announced that he would carry DeKalb county and the petition from Stone Mountain, signed by leading citizens of that county, is significant, to say the least of it. It is held by Colonel Livingston's friends that he will carry Stone Mountain and Lithonia precincts two to one, and that he will hold his own in Decatur and carry the balance of the county by a large majority.

Hon. J. M. Hale, editor of The Conveyer Weekly, was in Atlanta yesterday.

"Rockdale county," said he, "is just as certain to go for Livingston as gun's iron, and it will do it, no matter which way Fulton goes, though of course we cannot think for a moment that Atlanta can go back on Livingston after the splendid work he has done for the city."

"In Rockdale county the leading influences of every faction are for Livingston. Heretofore there has been division among them, but on this issue they are united. You can absolutely depend upon that Rockdale is overwhelming for Livingston. While I do not claim to know everything, I do claim to know something about Rockdale county, and I know that Livingston is just as certain to carry the county as the primary takes place."

So It Is in Clayton.

Hon. Gus Morrow, the distinguished young mayor of Jonesboro, was in Atlanta yesterday.

"Clayton county," said he, "is five to one for Livingston. The town of Jonesboro has never been so united before. You can count the anti-Livingston men in our neighborhood on your fingers and still have room left to count some more. There are men supporting Livingston this time who never supported him before. They think that he is entitled to re-nomination, and they propose to give it to him. They are very much gratified to think that Atlanta is willing to help them do it. Of course he will be re-nominated, with or without the vote of Fulton county, but under the circumstances I do think that Atlanta owes it to Livingston to give him its vote this time. I have been here all day and it looks like everybody is for Livingston."

Hon. B. S. Walker, of Walton county, one of the most influential and active democrats of Monroe, says that that county is overwhelmingly for Livingston. The county acts on Thursday, the 12th instant, choosing nominees for state senate, representatives, etc. A big vote will be polled, and Mr. Walker says that Livingston will sweep the county.

In the Other Counties.

Newton county has already endorsed Livingston, and it is said that Douglas county is overwhelmingly for him. Hon. Joe James and Hon. John James are actively at work for him, while the other leading influences of the county are doing all they can for Livingston, who, it is said, will have a practical walk-over in Douglas county.

When Colonel Livingston announced in Atlanta that he would carry every county in the district it was thought by some that his claim was possibly exaggerated, but developments indicate that the prophecy may be borne out.

Congressman Maddox on Livingston.

The old saying that you must go away from home to hear the news finds significance in the argument I find being made by the opponents of Colonel Livingston in Atlanta, that he has not done any good for the exposition," said Hon. John W. Maddox, the distinguished representative of the seventh district, yesterday, as he passed through Atlanta on his return to Washington.

"The truth of the matter is," said Judge Maddox, "Livingston's earnestness and activity in behalf of the Atlanta exposition has been watched with admiration by the entire Georgia delegation. He has worked day in and day out for the exposition. I am surprised that some argument should be advanced against him, even in the heat of the political controversy, and it will certainly surprise the Georgia delegation in Washington."

Judge Maddox's nomination seems to be assured. He made several speeches in his district and returns to Washington satisfied that his re-nomination is simply a question of time.

Georgia never had a more active congressman than Judge Maddox. He is a staunch democrat and the news of the certainty of his re-nomination will be read with interest by his many friends throughout the state.

The Joint Debates.

It has not yet been determined when the joint debates between Colonel Livingston and Colonel Candler will be held.

Colonel Candler, on last Saturday, designated Mr. Luther Z. Rosser to represent him in the matter of arranging the terms and dates of the joint meetings. Colonel Livingston wired his friend, Mr. Jack J. Spaulding, to serve for him.

But a few minutes before receiving Colonel Livingston's telegram Mr. Spaulding received a telegram from Newman, calling him to that place to look after a very important law case—the Harrington case—in which he is attorney. So, having to leave the city, he could not act.

Colonel Livingston then telegraphed Judge R. T. Dorsey, asking him to represent him, but the telegram reached Atlanta during Judge Dorsey's absence, he being in Griffin. Judge Dorsey will not return until this morning, when he will receive the message, and it is probable that he will meet Mr. Rosser and arrange for the joint debates. Colonel Dorsey was present at the first meeting held by Colonel Livingston's supporters at the Markham house one week ago last Monday.

A WARM EPISTLE.

A Newspaper Story Moves Professor Kilpatrick to Write.

HE INDITES AN ENTERTAINING CARD

He Says Miss Hyde's Hat Was Not of the Sailor or No. Warmer Book a Novel—The Card.

Professor J. J. Kilpatrick, the unfortunate, called at The Constitution office last night to leave a card.

The card was written in a dainty, feminine hand, and signed in distinct masculine chirography. The purpose of the communication was to correct the impression that the professor and Miss Hyde had spent Sunday at East Lake.

The card furnishes quite the most interesting chapter of reading that has been furnished by the incidents attending the election of the professor and Miss Hyde to the chautauque. As he stated on handing it in, "the first part of it is humorous."

Here is the card:

"Editor Constitution—I see that some of your reporters made Miss Hyde and myself spend Sunday at East Lake, where we enjoyed all the attractions which that resort affords. Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to say that we did not spend Sunday or any part of it at East Lake."

"He stated that Miss Hyde had in her hand a novel of the paper back race or kind, entitled 'The Gods,' and that she had been reading it, and with it the name of the author. Here I wish to apologize for insinuating the probable cause of the reporters' report. I beg to say that the book was due to a gentleman, either the Methodist or Baptist church. Miss Hyde did not have a novel at all. She had a lecture entitled 'The Gods,' with the author's name diagonally across the back. The reporter, however, having never heard of that brilliant, but goddess orator, the author of 'Some Mistakes of Moses,' took the book for a dime novel called 'Gods.'"

"Neither did Miss Hyde have on a sailor hat. She wore something that combined the features of a sailor hat and a hat of Gladstone's and a dispirited, dim-nerved specimen of a Dale county, Alabama, wagon cover. Now, I am not making fun of Miss Hyde, but I am merely illustrating the magnitude of the observing apparatus of this allegorical reporter for not being able to distinguish the difference between a sailor hat and a hat of Gladstone's and the modern complicated machinery of feminine headgear."

"Your reporter was eminently correct in regard to my being a pious scrapper of my city fathers in closing up the barber shops on the venerable day of the sun, but allowing certain other places of the city to remain open, because, 'because an act unworthy of populists has been perpetrated on this meeting. Certain men have come here with a view of rushing through a cut-and-dried report and several resolutions, so far as he or his friends were aware. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. McMillan's friends, and the motion to elect the delegates by ballot was carried."

"I do this," said he, "because my hand here a ticket written in one man's handwriting, which was fixed up today in a hall at the corner of Broad and Marietta streets, and I desire to say that he and all the members of the department during the time he had charge of the same, performed their duties in an intelligent and efficient manner."

"As all of the members of the board were not present when my report was read, I wish again to call your attention to the necessity of establishing a pension bureau for the purpose of aiding old and disabled officers who have grown old in the service of faithfully performing their duties. I am satisfied that if the members of the board will place the matter before the mayor and the general council in proper shape they will establish a fund of this kind."

He Rivals Herrmann.

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Saturday night he came in from Decatur to mingle with the gay crowd and drink the lemonade of Decatur street. But

ARRESTED AT SELMA.

Two Atlanta Boys Are Lodged in Jail On a Charge of Theft.

Ed and Will Crawford, two boys well known in police circles of this city, were arrested in Selma, Ala., yesterday on a charge of theft.

The Crawford boys have an unsavory record in this city, having been arrested several times on various charges.

Ed Crawford is now under bond at Houston, Tex., on some charge committed in that city. Will Crawford is in the city, arrested in a special from Selma.

They Got a Watch.

"Selma, Ala., July 9.—(Special.)—E. C. and Will Crawford, of Atlanta, are in jail in this city. About a week ago Will who is a mere lad of fourteen, went to F. M. Blackwell's house on the pretense that he was hunting for a lost squirrel. When Blackwell refused to let him in, he stole a watch from the house. He and his brother, Ed, were arrested by Pat Barron in a game of poker, but Pat declares he never saw the fellow before. Their trial will come up on Thursday."

REGISTRATION LIST GROWING.

Unless You Sign the Proper Oath You Can't Vote.

"The payment of taxes for 1893 does not entitle a man to vote at the coming primary unless he signs a registration oath," said Tax Collector Stewart yesterday.

"A number of people," he continued, "seem to believe that the payment of the taxes due, providing always, that all previous taxes have been paid, gives them the right to vote. I know of a number who have failed to register—men, too, who are taking a lively interest in the primary."

"The following is the list of the oath that every taxpayer is obliged to sign in order to qualify:

"Oath of Voter—Georgia, Fulton County. I, —, do swear, or affirm, that I am a citizen of the United States, that I have resided in this state one year, and that I have paid all taxes which, since the constitution of 1877, have been required of me previous to this year, and which I have had an opportunity to pay; and that I reside in —, on — street, in — ward, Atlanta, Ga. Sworn to and subscribed before me, this — day of July, 1894."

There are now registered 5,100 voters in the city and 11,400 in the county. More than 100 registered yesterday and great interest is beginning to be manifested.

Awarded

Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR.

CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 Years the Standard.

Fire at Marietta.

Marietta, Ga., July 9.—(Special.)—Fire broke out Saturday morning in a warehouse owned by A. S. Clay. William Johnston & Sons kept a fancy grocery store in the building. The firm was insured for \$2,400. The building was insured for \$1,500. George M. Johnson lost \$100 worth of hay.

POPULISTS MEET.

They Held a Lively Session at the Courthouse Yesterday.

THE DELEGATES WERE UNINSTRUCTED

The Proceedings Characterized by Plain Talk from Those Present—Details of the Meeting.

The populist mass meeting at the courthouse last night materialized a very small crowd, and it was made up of men of many minds.

The advertised purpose of the meeting was to select delegates to the senatorial convention of the thirty-fifth district. It was evident from the start that the meeting was factional, even to the extent of a faction within a faction. So marked was this that the faction which apparently won was not satisfied with the measure of its victory.

Epithets formed a conspicuous feature of the meeting, and "the lie" flitted given to a speaker came as a lurid aftermath.

From all appearances, there were two or three cut-and-dried states in the sleeves of those present, and this precipitated a wrangle that aroused no little bad blood, and completely frightened off its perch the white dove of harmony.

Mr. J. M. Rosser, chairman of the executive committee, presided over the meeting. After he had stated its object, a number moved that the chairman select a committee of seven to nominate six delegates to the senatorial convention.

This brought Mr. E. F. McMannan to his feet, who opposed the motion, and demanded that the delegates be selected directly by the mass meeting.

A long debate ensued, in which it appeared that Mr. McMannan and his followers favored delegates who would support J. P. McMillan for the senate. It was at this juncture that the name of Sam Small was suggested as the candidate of the opposition, and several bitter speeches were made in his behalf.

E. W. Sampler threw himself into the breach as the friend of the evangelist, and stated that the latter was not a candidate, so far as he or his friends were aware. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. McMillan's friends, and the motion to elect the delegates by ballot was carried.

Pending the announcement of the ballot, E. S. McNeal mounted the platform and moved a reconsideration of the ballot. He stated that "because an act unworthy of populists has been perpetrated on this meeting. Certain men have come here with a view of rushing through a cut-and-dried report and several resolutions, so far as he or his friends were aware. This, however, did not satisfy Mr. McMillan's friends, and the motion to elect the delegates by ballot was carried."

"I do this," said he, "because my hand here a ticket written in one man's handwriting, which was fixed up today in a hall at the corner of Broad and Marietta streets, and I desire to say that he and all the members of the department during the time he had charge of the same, performed their duties in an intelligent and efficient manner."

"As all of the members of the board were not present when my report was read, I wish again to call your attention to the necessity of establishing a pension bureau for the purpose of aiding old and disabled officers who have grown old in the service of faithfully performing their duties. I am satisfied that if the members of the board will place the matter before the mayor and the general council in proper shape they will establish a fund of this kind."

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

AT WHOLESALE BY THE TRADE GENERALLY.

A DAY'S POLICE NEWS

Chief Connolly's Report to the Board of Commissioners.

WANTS A PENSION BUREAU FORMED

A Black Handler of the Bottle Who Turned Whisky Into Water—Other Police News of Interest.

Captain English and the other members of the police commission made their way through a drizzling rain yesterday afternoon to attend the regular session of the board, which convened at 2 o'clock.

Most of the business had been disposed of at the meeting on Thursday and it required only a short while to look over and pass upon the various accounts and reports of the different departments.

Chief Connolly's report was exhaustive and gave a detailed statement of all the funds received and all the expenditures at the station house during the month of June. In his general remarks the chief said: "During the month of June the officers and patrolmen of the department have been active and vigilant in the performance of their duty. Officers Grant, Wimbley, Harrett, Harper and J. J. Burke were suspended from duty for the violation of the rules of the department. With these exceptions no reports have been made to me of the violation of rules."

"You will see from the reports of the captains that seventy-two residences and business houses have been found open during the month. This shows that a large part of the stealing was caused by the carelessness of our citizens."

"During Captain Wright's absence, while taking his vacation, I placed Detective Ed Cason in charge of this department. I desire to say that he and all the other members of the department during the time he had charge of the same, performed their duties in an intelligent and efficient manner."

"As all of the members of the board were not present when my report was read, I wish again to call your attention to the necessity of establishing a pension bureau for the purpose of aiding old and disabled officers who have grown old in the service of faithfully performing their duties. I am satisfied that if the members of the board will place the matter before the mayor and the general council in proper shape they will establish a fund of this kind."

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STOCKS RALLIED.

The President's Proclamation Had a Good Effect on Speculation.

THE CLOSE 1-5 TO 5-8 HIGHER

Gains in Texas Discourage the Holders of Cotton. Atlanta Lower Government Report Helps Wheat.

NEW YORK, July 9.—The conflict between the federal troops and the strikers at Hammond yesterday led to a weak opening at the stock exchange today and encouraged the bears to extend their lines. Chicago has naturally borne the brunt of the attack, but the Grangers also came in for some share of attention by local operators. London, alarmed at the western situation, sold St. Paul and other stocks and accelerated the downward movement. The early decline was equal to 3/4 per cent in Chicago and 1/2 per cent in the general list. Gas sold down to 75¢, ex-dividend of 1/4 per cent. Sugar fell 1/4 to 34¢. Rock Island 1 to 5/8. St. Paul 1/4 to 3/8, and the other prominent issues fell 1/4 to 1/2 per cent. The force of the selling movement expended itself before 11 o'clock, and a rally ensued, but before midday the bears resumed active operations and Pullman broke 3/4 to 1/2. Delaware and Hudson 1/4 to 1/2. The general list displayed considerable firmness and refused to yield to any important extent. Speculation then became very firm for a time, but during the afternoon there was a sharp rally in which Sugar led. The stock moved up from 34¢ to 34 1/2¢, Chicago Gas from 75¢ to 75 1/2¢, Rock Island from 3/8 to 3/4, St. Paul from 3/8 to 3/4, Louisville and Nashville from 3/4 to 3/4, Burlington from 3/4 to 3/4, Union Pacific from 3/4 to 3/4, General Electric from 3/4 to 3/4, Reading from 3/4 to 3/4, and Northwestern from 3/4 to 3/4. The market closed firm 1/4 to 1/2 higher on the day. Northern Pacific, preferred, 104 1/2. The afternoon rally was due to more favorable advices from the west regarding the strike. The president's proclamation evidently had a good effect there. Sales were 150,000 shares.

The bond market was weak. Money on call easy at 1 per cent; last loan at 1 1/2 per cent. Offered at 1, prime mercantile paper 3 1/2 per cent. Bar silver 62 1/2. Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 48 1/2 to 49 1/2 for 60 days, and 48 1/2 to 49 1/2 for 90 days. Commercial bills 48 1/2 to 49 1/2. Government bonds steady. State bonds steady. Railroad bonds weak. Silver at the board was neglected.

The following are closing bids:

1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000
1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000
1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000
1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000	1000 1000

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Burlington and Quincy declined on sales for shorts and liquidation of longs by Boston houses.

Rock Island resisted short sales more successfully than Burlington and Quincy or Chicago Gas.

New York News Bureau: Gas was weak on stop orders and pressure of stock from traders. A rumor was current of damage to the property in Chicago, but there is no confirmation.

Strike news has little effect, the feeling on the board being that the end of the strike has practically been reached.

Last week's stock market reviewed by the New York Daily Stockholder: Although an increased volume of business was the west the past week, Wall street and other speculative markets, excepting wheat, which declined, were quiet. Stocks held up very well until the afternoon, when news came to weaken and decline on mixed selling. Much surprise was expressed that the strikes, riots and attendant bad news did not precipitate a serious fall in prices.

The truth is, the market has acted according to precedent. Experience has taught that it usually retains its equilibrium through the periods of railway strikes. In all such cases, even the greenback exception one, the first thought of the security holder is that the trouble will be short-lived—that even if quotations go off a few cents, a quick settlement will be made to rebound, when, if he so chooses, he can sell.

The rebound does not always come. If it materializes now it is not likely to go far. Such a crisis as the railways have now to deal with can hardly fail to evolve fresh complications of an adverse nature, which will make holders want to sell whenever it is felt that the situation is in a condition to take their holdings without receding too much under the pressure.

The labor troubles may have offset the effects of the passage of the tariff bill in the senate. Certainly the latter important event had very little influence in Wall street. This is true also of the small gold movement, total exports amounting to only \$1,000,000. It was not expected, however, that shipments would be made at the close but the scarcity of bills necessitated them.

say, will continue. Exchange declined early in the week, but regained its strength on Friday and closed very firm with indications of further exports of the yellow metal this week.

Bank clearings for five days were only \$2,000,000, a decrease of \$10,000,000 compared with the same number of days a year ago when the shrinkage was in full swing. Last week's small total shows that general trade is still stagnant, as does also the continued failure of the cotton market to rally during the afternoon, closing barely steady at the lowest prices of the day and practically the lowest prices of the season.

The Liverpool and Port Market. Liverpool, July 9.—The market for spot deliveries of cotton was quiet, with a slight decline in the price of the best quality. The market for futures was also quiet, with a slight decline in the price of the best quality. The market for the best quality of cotton was quiet, with a slight decline in the price of the best quality.

Earnings continued to reflect a light tonnage and stagnation in the industries. Some of the largest decreases in earnings were reported for the fourth week in June, the most noteworthy being a loss of over \$500,000 by the Northern Pacific. The decrease for thirty roads was about 17 per cent as compared with a loss the week preceding of 19.98 per cent for seventy-four roads.

Imports of dry goods and general merchandise increased \$1,200,000 but at \$7,829,000 was \$5,000,000 less than in the corresponding month of last year. The import of wheat and flour, as compared with 1893, fell off nearly 2,000,000 bushels.

Closing Stock Review.

Symbol	Open	High	Low	Close
Delaware & Hudson	104 1/2	105 1/2	104 1/2	105 1/2
General Electric	34 1/2	35 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2
Reading	34 1/2	35 1/2	34 1/2	35 1/2
Rock Island	3/4	3/4	3/4	3/4

Local Bond and Stock Quotations.

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the prospects of the crop and the unsettled condition of affairs. Nevertheless the market eased slowly, and people are afraid to anticipate any improvement. The business of the cotton market is a great demand for cotton. The rains which have fallen in Texas would be a great benefit to the crop in the northern part of that state, and it is believed the bureau report tomorrow will show a very favorable condition of the cotton crop as a result of weather conditions during the past week. The market was steady during the afternoon, closing barely steady at the lowest prices of the day and practically the lowest prices of the season.

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in the captain's shrewdness and foresight. Other operators who talked as if there was no bottom to the market were William Linn and J. B. Dyer, both level-headed men of long experience. On the Chicago board of trade, Mr. Linn said at the close that prices would go lower than ever, and Mr. Dyer predicted 50 cents. In the midst of so much pessimism it was a relief to see a few people who were not so hopeless. Among such were some prominent business men who talked of the ground that present prices discount the bearish features of the situation, and that purchases should be made at the weak spots. Reviewing the features of depression, it would be said that the market had to be put out in the shape of a smaller decrease in the on passage statement than had been expected, and a very moderate decrease in the visible supply in this country. Following this, the market for day came weak and lower. Furthermore, and more important than any other influence was the crop news, which showed steady improvement in conditions and a tendency to scout a pessimistic estimate of yield of 11,000,000 bushels for 1894. The holiday restricted business, as did the strikes. On Thursday, the market for day came weak and lower. The price of Cincinnati, which is an estimate of 475,000,000 bushels for the crop, the market collapsed. Harvest almost completed and the beginning of the new movement close at hand. The market for day came weak and lower. Furthermore, and more important than any other influence was the crop news, which showed steady improvement in conditions and a tendency to scout a pessimistic estimate of yield of 11,000,000 bushels for 1894. The holiday restricted business, as did the strikes. On Thursday, the market for day came weak and lower. The price of Cincinnati, which is an estimate of 475,000,000 bushels for the crop, the market collapsed. 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THE CONSTITUTION, JR.

DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Hear There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

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Just then Mrs. Meadows smoothed out her apron and rose from her chair. "I smell dinner," she said, "and it smells like it is on the table. Let's go in and get rid of it."

She led the way and the children followed. The dinner was nothing extra—just a plain, every-day, country dinner, with plenty of pot liquor and dumplings; but the children were hungry, and they made short work of all that was placed before them. Drusilla waited on the table, as she did at home, but she didn't go close to Mr. Rabbit. She held out the dishes at arm's length when she offered him anything, and once she came very near dropping a plate when he suddenly flapped his big ear on his nose to drive off a fly.

Mrs. Meadows was very kind to the children, but when once the edge was taken off their appetite they began to get uneasy again. There was a thousand questions they might have asked, but they had been told never to ask questions in company. Mr. Thimblefinger, who had a keen eye for such things, noticed that they were beginning to get glum and dissatisfied, and so he said with a laugh: "I've often heard in my travels of children who talked too much, but these don't talk at all."

"Oh, they'll soon get over that," Mrs. Meadows remarked. "Everything is so strange here, they don't know what to make of it. When I was a little bit of a thing my ma used to take me to quiltings, and I know it took me the longest kind of a time to get used to the strangers and all."

"This isn't a quilting," said Sweetest Susan, with a sigh; "I wish it was."

"I don't!" exclaimed Buster John, plumply. "Once when I was listening through a keyhole," said Mr. Thimblefinger, placing his tiny knife and fork crosswise on his plate, "I heard a story about a Talking Saddle."

"Tell it! tell it!" cried Buster John and Sweetest Susan.

"I suppose you have no pie today," said Mr. Rabbit.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Meadows, "we'll have the pie and the story, too."

Mr. Thimblefinger smacked his lips and winked his eye in such comical fashion that the children laughed heartily, but they didn't forget the story.

"I don't know that I can remember the best of it," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "The wind was blowing and the keyhole was trying to learn how to whistle, and I may have missed some of the story. But it was such a queer one and I was listening so closely that I came very near falling off the door knob when some one started to come out. I think we'd better eat our pie first. I might get one of those huckleberries in my throat while talking, and there's no doctor close at hand to keep me from choking to death."

So they ate their huckleberry pie, and then Mr. Thimblefinger told the story.

"Once upon a time a farmer had five sons. He was not rich and he was not poor. He had some land and he had little money. He divided his land equally among his four oldest sons, giving each just as much as he could till. To each, he also gave a piece of money. Then he called his youngest son and said:

"You have sharp eyes and a keen wit. You want no land. All you need is a saddle. That I will give you."

"A saddle! What will I do with a saddle?" asked the younger son, whose name was Tip-Top.

"Make your fortune with it," said the father.

"If I had a horse—"

"A head is better than a horse," the father replied.

"Not long after the old man died. The land was divided up among the four older sons, and Tip-Top was left with the saddle. He slung it on his back and set out to make his fortune. It was not long before he came to a large town. He rested for awhile and then he went into the town. He remembered that his father had said a head was better than a horse, so, instead of carrying the saddle on his back, he put it on his head. At first the people thought he was carrying the saddle because he had sold his horse for a good price, or because the animal had died. But he went through street after street still carrying the saddle on his head, never pausing to look around or to speak to anybody, and at last the people began to wonder. Some said he was a simpleton, some said he was a saddle maker advertising his wares, and some said he was a tramp who ought to be arrested and put in the workhouse.

"This talk finally reached the ears of the mayor of the town, and he sent for Tip-Top to appear before him."

"What is a mayor?" asked Sweetest Susan, suddenly.

"He is head pater-roller," said Drusilla, before anybody else could reply.

"That's about right," Mr. Thimblefinger declared. "Well, the mayor sent for Tip-Top. But instead of going to the place where the mayor held his court, Tip-Top inquired where his horse was and went there. Now, when Tip-Top knocked at the mayor's door the servant, seeing the man with a saddle on his head, began to rail at him."

"Do you think the mayor keeps his horses in the parlor? Go in the side door and carry the saddle in the outer room."

"Hang it on the first post you see," the servant said.

Tip-Top tried to say something, but

the servant shut the door with a bang. Then Tip-Top went as he was bid. He went through the side gate, and found the cellar without any trouble, but instead of hanging the saddle on a peg, he placed it on the floor and sat on it.

"After waiting patiently awhile, wondering when the mayor would call him, Tip-Top heard voices on the other side of the wall. He listened closely, and soon found that the housemaid who had driven him away from the mayor's door was talking to her brother, who had just returned from a long journey."

"The mayor has gold," said the brother. "You must tell me where he keeps it. I have a companion in my travels, and tonight we shall come and take the treasure."

"For a long time the housemaid refused to tell where the mayor kept his gold, but the brother threatened and coaxed, and finally she told him where the treasure lay."

"It is in a closet by the chimney in the first room to the right at the head of the stairs. The gold is in an iron box and it is very heavy."

"My companion has long hair and a strong arm," said the brother. "He is cross-

eyed and knockkneed. It wouldn't do for you to meet him in the hallway. Go to bed early and lock your door, and if you hear any outcry during the night cover your head with a pillow and go to sleep again."

"Then the housemaid and her brother went away."

"Well," said Tip-Top, "this is no place for me."

"He waited awhile and then went out of the cellar into the yard with his saddle on his head. The cook, seeing him there, told him to carry the saddle to the stable where the horses were kept. Tip-Top went to the stable, placed his saddle in an empty stall and sat on it."

"After awhile he heard two persons come in from the street. They went into a stall near by and began to talk. One was the coachman and the other was his nephew who had just returned from a long journey."

"The mayor has fine horses," said the nephew. "I must have two of them tonight, otherwise I am ruined forever."

"The coachman refused to listen at first, but after awhile he consented. He told his nephew that the stable boy slept in the wrenger."

"I have a companion in my travels," said his nephew, "and tonight we will come and take the horses away. My companion has short hair and a heavy hand. Close your eyes and cover your head with straw if you hear any outcry."

"After awhile the coachman and his nephew went out into the street again, and then Tip-Top came forth from the stable with the saddle on his head. The mayor had just come in, and was standing at his window. He saw the man in the yard with the saddle on his head, and sent a servant to call him."

"What is your name?" asked the mayor.

"Tip-Top, your honor."

"I don't see after your health; I want to see your name," said the mayor.

"It is Tip-Top, your honor."

"Your name or your health?"

"Both, your honor."

"What are you doing here?"

"His honor, the mayor, sent for me, your honor."

"What were you doing just now?"

"Waiting to be sent for, your honor."

"Where is your horse?" asked the mayor.

"I have no horse, your honor."

"Why do you carry your saddle?"

"Because no one will carry it for me, your honor."

"Why do you not sell it and be rid of it, nimny?"

"Few are rich enough to buy it, your honor."

"How much money is it worth?"

"Two thousand pieces of gold, your honor."

"Are you crazy?" cried the mayor. "Why is it so valuable?"

"It is a talking saddle, your honor."

"What does it say?"

"Everything, your honor. It warns, it predicts and it gives advice."

"Let it talk for me," said the mayor, full of curiosity.

"Your honor would fail to understand its language," replied Tip-Top.

"Let it talk, and do you tell me what it says."

"Tip-Top placed his saddle on the carpet and pressed his foot against it until the leather made a creaking noise."

"I am waiting," said the mayor. "What does the saddle say?"

"It says, your honor, that you must call the housemaid."

"The mayor, to humor the joke, did so. The housemaid came, grumbling. She

looked at the saddle, at Tip-Top and then at the mayor.

"Now what does the saddle say?" asked the mayor.

"It says, your honor, that this woman has a brother, who has just returned from a journey in strange lands. The saddle says, your honor, that this woman's brother has a companion who has long hair and a strong arm."

"Is that all?" asked the mayor.

"No, your honor, it is not half."

"It is very strange," said the housemaid.

"The saddle says, your honor, that if you will sit in the closet by the chimney, in the first room to the right, where there is an iron box that is very heavy, you will receive a visit tonight from this woman's brother and his companion."

"The mayor was very much astonished, but before he could open his lips the woman fell on her knees and confessed all. The mayor called an officer and sent her away. Then he turned to Tip-Top and asked:

"Is that all?"

"By no means, your honor. The saddle says send for the coachman."

"The mayor did so, and the coachman came bowing and smiling."

"How much is your saddle worth?" the mayor asked him.

"Master, it is worthless," replied the coachman, with a sneer.

"Let us see," said the mayor. Then, turning to Tip-Top: "What does the saddle say?"

"It says, your honor, that this coachman here has a nephew, who has just returned from a long journey. It says that the nephew has a companion who has short hair and a heavy hand."

"What more?"

"The saddle says, your honor, that if you will sleep in the wrenger tonight you will receive a visit from this nephew and his companion."

"The coachman laughed at the mayor's story and told all. Of course, the mayor was very much astonished. He called the ser-

faithful servants over to an officer, and that night had a watch set around his house and stable and caught the thieves and their companions.

"But the saddle didn't talk," said Sweetest Susan. "So the man didn't tell what was true." She made this remark with so much dignity that Mrs. Meadows laughed.

But Buster John was quite impatient. "This ain't a girl's story," he exclaimed.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Meadows. "It is for girls as well as boys. Sometimes people tell stories just to pass the time away, and if the stories have little fibs in 'em, that don't do anybody any harm. They just keep them in there. I, they didn't the story wouldn't be true."

"Is that the end of the story of the Talking Saddle?" asked Buster John.

"No! Oh, no!" Mr. Thimblefinger answered. "I was just going to tell you the rest."

But before he could go on with it the noise of laughter was heard at the door, and then there came running in a queer looking girl and a very queer looking boy.

(To be continued.)

Two Good Anecdotes.

A storekeeper in a little country town, who was always trying to imitate the ways of city merchants, one day went to a large city to buy some goods, and, while walking along a fashionable thoroughfare, noticed in the window of a millinery a card which read, "Ici on parle Francais." ("Here one speaks French"). Of course he did not know what this meant, but thought it would be a good thing to have a similar card in his own store window. It would attract people, and make them think he had some enterprise about him, as well as city folks had.

So he copied out the words carefully, and, when he got home, had them printed on a card, which he put in the most prominent place in the window.

Passersby saw it, and wondered what it meant; but they would not ask the storekeeper, and thus show their ignorance. Some of them had also seen it in stores in the city, and thought it must be something very expensive.

But one day a schoolmaster saw the card, and, knowing French, smiled. He knew that the storekeeper was ignorant of that language, and, being fond of a joke, he thought he would have a little innocent fun. So he stepped into the store, and, addressing the proprietor, said:

"Good day, Mr. Lyons. I would like to have two yards of silk on parole Francais."

The storekeeper felt that he was in a tight place, and how to get out of it he did not know. Still he was determined to put a bold face on the matter, and so replied:

"I am sorry, Mr. Rogers. The last piece was sold yesterday, but I shall get some more the first time I go to the city."

The story was too good to keep, and there was many a laugh over old man Lyons's ici on parole Francais.

People who are traveling on the continent of Europe often see in store windows signs which read, "English spoken here," and they find sometimes that the persons who have put them up know as much about English as Mr. Lyons did about French.

The highest courts of the German empire are held in Leipzig, and an American gentleman, who was in that city, was anxious to visit them. First, however, he thought he would find out if they were in session, and, being rather doubtful as to his German, he went into a large china store, in the windows of which was the sign "English spoken here."

To the young woman who stepped forward to wait upon him he said:

"You speak English, do you not?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied.

Then, in very plain, simple English, he asked her if the courts of justice were in session for that day. She thought for a moment, and then said, interrogatively and in German:

"You would like a large plate?"

The gentleman repeated his question in what he thought even plainer English. The young woman went into a brown study, and then said, still in German:

"You would like a large plate with pictures on it?"

In despair, the gentleman spoke to her in the best German at his command, and found out that the courts were not then in session. Incidentally, too, he learned that the young woman did not know a word of English except "Oh, yes!"

When the same gentleman went to Berlin, he began a search for lodgings, and in a quiet street found a house which he thought would suit him.

He smiled when he saw a sign in the window, "English spoken here," and wondered if his Leipzig experience would be repeated. In answer to his call, the landlady presented herself, and, much to his amusement he found that she could not speak English. Then, in German, he said:

"But you have a sign which reads, 'English spoken here.' Who speaks it?"

To this she replied, triumphantly: "Oh, the Americans and English who come here for lodgings!"

N. S. Adler.

He Could Do It.

An exchange prints a story, probably fictitious, of an epistolary encounter between Charles Sumner and an impudent school-boy.

The boy saw Mr. Sumner's frank on a public document and being an autograph collector, sat down straightway and wrote him thus:

"By the aid of Webster's Unabridged and the Greek and Latin lexicons, and with the assistance of my high school teacher, I have made this out to be your name. If that is so, and you can do it again, please do it for me."

The senator seems to have been amused by the saucy letter, for he replied as follows:

"I am glad to learn that you have so many helps in education. It was my name I can do it again, and how it is yours may be told."

CHARLES SUMNER.



What Does the Saddle Say? Asked the Major.

HOW THE MAIL WAS SAVED.

From Good News.

"Has father's weekly paper come yet, Mr. Brydon?" asked Andy Kent, as he stepped into the little postoffice at Alpine, one bleak March afternoon, followed by his friend, Joe Bostick.

Mr. Brydon, the postmaster, was leaning over the counter, contemplating a big leather mail bag that lay before him, with such an abstracted manner and expression that he failed to hear the inquiry, and Andy was obliged to repeat it.

Then the postmaster looked up with a start and swept his eye over the pigeon-holed case by his side.

"No, Andy, the paper ain't here yet," he said. "I reckon I'm sort of absent-minded today, for I didn't hear you come in."

"Nothing the matter, I hope?" asked Andy.

"Well, yes, to tell the truth, there is," replied Mr. Brydon, striking his hand heavily on the mail pouch. "I'm in a bad fix to-day, or rather Jake Carter is, for it's his responsibility, not mine. You see, he was took sick, all of a sudden, this dinner-time, and here lies the mail for Marsh Run. It ought to have started a good two hours ago, but I can't find a soul that's willing to take it. It seems as though there was nobody about today. I promised Jake I'd find some one if I could. Poor fellow! I pity him; he's awfully worried about it, and no wonder; for if he makes a mess of it, the government will take the contract away from him purty quick. I wanted him to do it," added the postmaster, jerking his thumb toward a figure sitting on a soap box in the rear end of the store, "but he says he's got to go to Yocumtown on business."

At this the figure rose, revealing the tall, ungainly limbs and familiar features of Lant Kennedy.

"That's straight," he said. "I've got to go to Yocumtown afore evening, or I'd willingly oblige you, Mr. Brydon, an' Jake Carter, too, for I ain't got no grudge agin him, not me."

"I'm sure I don't know what to do," muttered the postmaster, hopelessly. "There ain't even a horse and buggy in the neighborhood, or I might manage to get away myself."

Andy turned aside and exchanged a few whispered words with his companion.

"Mr. Brydon," he said, suddenly, "Suppose you let me and Joe take the mail pouch down to Marsh Run. Jake Carter has always been a good friend to us boys, and it's no more than right that we should do him a favor when we get the chance."

"I reckon you'll do," he said, as he came from behind the counter and put on his hat. "I'll just run over a minute and relieve Jake Carter's mind. It'll do him a heap of good. I'll come right back, and then you can start at once—that is, if you're ready."

"If we ain't, we soon will be," said Andy. "Joe, you run over home and tell your folks you're going, and ask your little brother to tell my folks. There ain't any use in my tramping a mile out home and back. I'll stay here and tend store."

"All right," assented Joe. "I'll get Ted to go over to your house. It won't be more than five minutes till I'm back."

He passed out of the door behind the postmaster, and took his leave also, nodding slightly to Andy.

"Going to Yocumtown, are you?" muttered the latter to himself, as Kennedy shuffled down the road. "You'd better go tell that to the marines, for I don't believe it. You've been in a bad humor ever since Jake Carter got the contract for carryin' the mails, by putting in a less bid, and you'd like to see him lose it, too. Got no grudge against Jake Carter, have you? Oh, I know you, Lant Kennedy. Hal ha!"

Andy threw back his head and indulged in a hearty laugh. He was still smiling when the postmaster came back in company with Joe Bostick, but he did not think it necessary to mention the cause of his mirth, nor did the others observe it.

"It made Jake Carter a heap better when I told him," said the postmaster. "Heaven bless them boys," he said to me."

"It's all right, Andy," exclaimed Joe. "Teddy'll go over to your house as I on as he's had his supper. I brought Tiger along for company."

Tiger was a mottled brown and white hound, with a ferocious expression and a short stump of a tail—the rest of it had been bitten off by a playful bulldog, when Tiger was quite an infant. He had a tremendous reputation for prowess among the village boys, but this was based mainly on his looks; his true powers had never been put to the test.

It was already 4 o'clock, so the boys did not lose any more time. With many injunctions and directions from Mr. Brydon, they left the postoffice and started away on a brisk walk, Andy leading, with the mail pouch on his back, and Joe and Tiger bringing up the rear. Both lads were warmly clad and booted, for the weather was unusually cold for March, and there was still considerable snow on the ground.

They traveled at a steady, regular pace, and it took them less than an hour to reach the beginning of the hills, nearly four miles from Alpine.

Toward 6 o'clock they crossed the highest eminence, and could see, far to the eastward, the silvery streak which marked the Susquehanna river. The road was winding and lonely, and was bordered on both sides by a thick forest. They had crossed the next valley, and were toiling up the slope ahead, when Tiger suddenly stopped, uttered a low growl, and then moved on with the hair rising along his spine from head to tail.

This boys were somewhat startled by this strange proceeding.

"He's scared," said Andy, "and animals in the woods are scared."

stray down here. Come on, Tiger, good old fellow!"

Tiger allowed himself to be patted on the head, and presently his hair resumed its normal attitude. He followed the boys quietly up the hill and down into the next valley into which the road turned and ran parallel with it.

The sun had now gone down, and the valley was dusky with the gray twilight.

The boys hurried along the road, oppressed by a vague feeling of uneasiness, but they had barely covered twenty yards when Tiger whined piteously and ran ahead of them with his hair again in a state of disturbance.

The boys stopped and looked at each other in alarm, and that instant a blood-curdling screech rang through the forest behind them.

"It's a catamount," cried Andy, "nothing else could make such a noise. The hard winter has driven the beast down from the mountains."

"What shall we do?" exclaimed Joe, hoarsely. "There's not a house within two miles, and we haven't a thing to defend ourselves with. The brute is on top of that hill we just left."

As he spoke the creature—whatever it was—cried again, this time in a long, wailing key, like a lost child in distress. There was no doubt about its being a catamount or a panther, and what was more, it was coming closer each second.

"Siss! catch him, Tiger!" cried Joe, but the dog only whined the more; and crept closer to his master for protection.

The boys were terribly frightened, as well they might be, and with a hasty glance behind them, they took to their heels down the road, Andy keeping tight hold of the mail bag.

It was the very worst thing they could have done, for before they had covered a quarter of a mile the beast's horrible scream was heard twice in succession, close behind them. A third time it echoed through the forest, and so close at hand now that the boys stopped and wheeled round in desperation.

They heard a sharp rustling of bushes, and then in the dim light they saw a long yellowish gray object bound into the road not twenty yards away. Both shouted with all their might, and the beast suddenly stopped and crouched low on the frozen ground. The boys could plainly see its huge, ugly head, and round, shining eyes. Again it screamed, and they shuddered from head to foot.

Andy picked up a frozen clod and took several steps forward, shouting loudly. The creature held its ground for an instant, and then bounded back into the forest with an angry cry. It did not go far. The boys could see its yellow eyes shining through the bushes.

"Where is Tiger?" cried Joe suddenly. "Tiger must have got away from him," whispered Joe, "or the brute would not have turned back so soon."

"Yes, it looks that way," said Andy. "Hullo!" he added suddenly. "We have just one chance left, Joe. Do you remember the deserted cabin that used to stand down here in the next valley. We must make a rush for that, and try to reach it before the brute overtakes us. The mail will miss connection, but we can't help that."

No sooner said than done. With the mail pouch flopping over his shoulder, Andy ran down the hill at full speed, and Joe kept even pace with him. Faster and faster they ran, taking great leaps over the frozen ground, and every few seconds the horrible scream of the panther rang in their ears. The brute was gaining on them tremendously.

Near the base of the hill they stopped for an instant, and, wheeling around, advanced on the creature with hoarse yells, for it was now visible in the road behind them. But it no longer feared them, and crouched obstinately in the path, uttering a scream after scream.

So they ran on once more with fast-beating hearts, and as they bounded over the little rivulet at the bottom of the ravine, they saw a few yards ahead the deserted cabin standing by the roadside. It had been built in primitive fashion, of untrimmed logs, and, fortunately for the boys, was a two-story structure, for as they plunged in the doorway they were dismayed to find no door left, nor were there any shutters to the windows.

It was a moment of terrible peril, for the panther was screaming at their very heels; but just in the nick of time Andy caught sight of the rickety flight of steps leading to the loft.

He ascended in two or three bounds, and reaching the upper floor, gave his hand to Joe. It was well that he did so, for the latter was still on the last step when the rotten old concern went down with a crash, so scaring the panther—who was already inside—that he bolted out to the road in fright.

For an instant Joe was in danger of going down with the steps, but his companion managed to drag him up, and then they hastily shoved the trapdoor—which they found lying near—over the opening.

No windows were in the loft, but there were plenty of holes in the floor and in the roof overhead. Through the former the boys could see the great brute moving about in the room below, sniffing and whining, and occasionally uttering a blood-curdling screech.

Presently a quick, rasping sound was heard, as the creature went up the side of the cabin like a great cat, and then they heard him creeping softly over the roof.

It was well for them that the chimney had no communication with the loft, for the brute suddenly decided to go down, and did so with a swiftness that landed him on his back in the fireplace below. Vastly surprised and indignant, that panther must have been to find himself where he started from. He screamed and ran, and three times he went up and down the chimney.

The boys were somewhat startled by this strange proceeding.

"He's scared," said Andy, "and animals in the woods are scared."

"That's true," assented Joe. "But say, I wonder where the brute is now?"

The question was speedily answered, but not by Andy.

The quick, rasping noise was heard again, and then soft footsteps on the roof. This time the hungry creature did not content himself with peeping down through the cracks. He chose a weak spot and began to dig viciously.

The loose shingles flew in all directions, and soon a jagged hole was made in the roof, through which the boys could see the brute's head and shoulders and his glaring eyes.

"We're lost if he keeps that up," cried Andy. "We must drive him away."

They began to shout with all their might and to throw up bits of plaster and wood; but the savage brute went on digging, screeching furiously all the while, and soon the gap was large enough for him to spring through.

A few seconds more would have seen him down in the loft, without doubt, but just as the terribly frightened boys were dragging away the trap, with the intention of dropping into the lower room, a loud shout was heard, and then another and another, and the hurried rattle of wheels.

When they looked up, the panther had disappeared, and a second later they heard him leap to the ground.

The boys dropped uninjured through the opening, and ran out to the front of the house, just as a wagon drove up, containing Mr. Brydon and Joe's father. They were delighted to find the boys safe, but before explanations could be made on either side, the angry screech of the baffled panther was heard a little ways down the road, and mingled with it a loud cry of "Help! help!"

The postmaster and Mr. Bostick were armed with rifles, and, springing out of the wagon, they ran ahead, followed by the boys.

When they reached the spot whence the noise seemed to come, both beast and man had disappeared. The panther could be heard going up the hillside with angry yowls, but where was his victim?

As the men look at each other in amazement, a rustling noise was heard in a tree close by.

"Come down there," cried the postmaster, and in response to his summons a tall, lanky figure dropped clumsily to the ground. It was Lant Kennedy.

"What on earth are you doing here?" demanded Mr. Brydon. "This ain't the way to Yocumtown."

Lant became so confused in trying to reply that the suspicions of the party were aroused, and they finally made the miserable fellow confess that he had purposely preceded the boys with the intention of stealing the mail pouch from them and hiding it securely, so that Jake Carter would be deprived of his contract.

He had climbed the tree when the boys took refuge in the house, and had been afraid to leave the spot, for he had only an empty revolver in his pocket, with which he had hoped to intimidate the boys.

"We'll hold on to you," said the postmaster, significantly, and much against his will Lant Kennedy was compelled to get into the wagon with the others.

The panther had by this time disappeared, so they drove on to Marsh Run with the mail pouch, and, after making arrangements there to have some one bring the morning mail out to Alpine, they turned homeward, and reached there without meeting the panther on the way.

The timely arrival of the postmaster and Mr. Bostick turned out to be due to Tiger, for the dog had come home in such a state of fright that Mr. Bostick was sure something had happened, and procured a horse and wagon instantly.

"Tiger knew what he was about when he cut for home," said Joe. "It wasn't cowardice at all. He knew that we needed help, and went to bring it."

"Then if that's the case," said Andy, "and Tiger saved us, the panther just as surely saved the mail bag. I suppose he knew Lant was waiting to steal it and he did his best to keep us from falling into the trap. We owe the panther as much gratitude as we do Tiger."

We did not exactly see it in this light, but both boys stuck to their point, and there the matter rested.

Lant Kennedy was offered his freedom on condition that he leave the neighborhood, and he gladly accepted the proposition. Jake Carter was able to attend to his duties on the following day, nor did he receive even a reprimand in consequence of the mail pouch failing to make its regular train that night.

Before the close of the week the panther was shot in a distant part of the county and Mr. Brydon bought the skin and presented it to Andy as a reward for his faithful services to the government.

The Story of a Coin.

It is astonishing how many people believe the old story that Napoleon Bonaparte put a check for 100,000 francs in a silver five-franc piece, and that the coin is yet in circulation in France.

They say that the people did not want the five-franc piece, and that in order to create a demand for silver money of that denomination, the emperor resorted to the device mentioned. The check, or treasury order, was written on asbestos paper and made in the coin.

It would be interesting to know, if this story be true, how many five-franc pieces have been broken open since the story of the check was first circulated.

Confused.

An exchange says that an excursion steamer which plies back and forth between Boston and Nantasket beach, and lying at the wharf when a fussy little man, short of breath, came on board over the gang-plank.

From the boat, he secured a seat in the bow of the boat, but he was too much in haste to express himself clearly. He hurried up to one of the few passengers already seated.

"We are going to the States," he said, "and I am sure you will be able to find a place for me in your party."

"That's true," assented Joe. "But say, I wonder where the brute is now?"

The question was speedily answered, but not by Andy.

The quick, rasping noise was heard again, and then soft footsteps on the roof. This time the hungry creature did not content himself with peeping down through the cracks. He chose a weak spot and began to dig viciously.

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THE COME



the fortunate prize winners, her stories, in every instance, have been uniformly splendid and of no ordinary character. Though nothing but a mere child, as yet, she has developed a strong, clear style, with a precision of detail that is remarkable. Not only is she talented, but she is a beautiful girl, with many noble qualities of mind and character.

The Bravest of the Brave.

In a recent issue of The Youth's Companion appears an article by Captain Charles King on the bravest man he ever saw. It is a story of Indian warfare, and tells of the fearless stand taken by a young lieutenant, who, unheeding the murderous fire of a band of renegade Indians, stood to his post, and finally, by his bravery, compelled his men to charge to victory.

"I remember him vividly," writes Captain King, "as he looked that day, the broad brim of his scouting hat tossed back from his forehead, the collar of his buckskin hunting shirt loosely fastened at the throat—no sign of uniform about him, for in those days we rarely wore the army blue on Indian campaigns.

"He came striding forward, rifle in hand, and waving the men to 'go in' along the slopes to the right and left of the ravine. He himself, to my horror, coolly pushed straight forward into what might be called the mouth of the gully—straight on past the point where the venturesome troopers had been flattened out so short a time before.

"In an instant, it seemed to me, the clump of bushes at the upper end began to spit fire like a Fourth of July mine. A blue cloud of sulphur smoke hung over the Indian burrow. The clatter of rifle shots was like that of a Gatling gun. Several soldiers dropped in their tracks along the grassy slopes.

"Then White, one of our best scouts and a great friend of Buffalo Bill's, gave one of his cries, 'O, my God, boys!' clasped his hands to his heart and plunged forward on his knees.

"He was dead. The sudden shock, our men at the scattered right and left, for we had struck a formidable ambush. Not a vestige of an Indian could we see, yet that scooped-out shelter of theirs was evidently crammed with them.

"I myself was over on the right bank at the time, and ducked with amazing promptitude when that storm of fire and lead burst on us. My next thought, when I found myself unhurt, was for Clark. We had been warm friends from our cadet days at West Point, and my heart was in my mouth with fear for him.

"There he stood, just where I had seen him the instant before, with the same quiet smile on his face, never bending, never swerving, if anything rising higher on tiptoe, as though striving to peer into those dark, fire-flashing depths up the gully.

"Mechanically he was thrusting another cartridge into the breech of his rifle. Bang! bang! went the Indian guns. Whiz! zip! spat the bullets.

"Down, Clark! Down!" shouted dozens of voices in tones of agonized dread.

"Come out of that, Philo, for heaven's sake!" yelled a Second Cavalryman close beside me. But just as placidly and unconcerned as he would have strolled into his troop stables, smiling the while at the consternation he was creating, even finding time for a half-laughing rejoinder to the peal of a comrade from our side, Clark pushed ahead until he could peer in through the veil of smoke, raised his rifle, aimed and fired.

"Then as coolly, he motioned, 'Come on! Come on!'

"It was too much for the crowd. Everybody seemed to make a simultaneous dash then. In vain the hidden Indians fired and strove to sweep the ravine.

"A moment more and brave old Captain Munson had leaped in from one side and was half-dragging, half-lifting out some terrified squaws. Other willing hands were passing out some screaming little Indian children, so as to get the women and papooses out of harm's way before closing accounts with the warriors.

"Sad to relate, this brave young officer, after going through the Indian war, and after giving bright promise for the future, died from a fever in the prime of his young manhood. But his old friends and comrades in arms still remember him as one of the bravest of the brave."

Indian Stories.

The editor of The Boston Courier tells two stories of the Indians in the upper valleys of the Kennebec river, which illustrate drolly the propensities of the interesting and peaceable red men of that region, who, as a tribe, have now almost disappeared. The Kennebec Indians had given up their lands to the whites, and left the new settlers in undisputed possession, but they seemed to feel that they had a right to ask the farmers for a portion of the fruits of the soil. They begged persistently.

There was one farmer in particular whose garden was noted for its excellent fruit, who received many visits from his Indian neighbors. One old Indian came and pleaded one day:

"Enemost water, no quite water; enemost pumpkin, no quite pumpkin; berry much we want him."

The farmer could not possibly make out what he meant, but called his daughter, who was quick at comprehending the English of the Indians, to interpret for him. The Indian repeated his request very earnestly.

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"Why, a watermelon, at course, berry," said the daughter, laughing.

One day an Indian woman, who was visiting a white friend, complained to this friend of the unnecessary length of the name John, or, as she pronounced it, "Jo-horra."

"Why not have short name?" she inquired of this white sister, who had a little son whom she had just named John. "Call him Eeshy-isy-ohy-oo George Wampum Shoony-katoo; short name and speak him quick!"

Strange to say, the white woman did not adopt the Indian's suggestion, and her son grew up with the long and unpronounceable name of John, instead of the "easy one" that the Indian woman had suggested.

Seeing and Observing.

"I never was so impressed with the difference between eyes and no eyes," wrote an English author lately, in a private letter, "as on a short journey I once made with Charles Dickens to France.

"We spent half an hour in a station house waiting for a train. As we left it he said, 'Did you see that miser sitting by the door? No doubt he has a bag full of gold buried in his garden at home. Every coin had left a crow's foot about his eyes. Did you notice the lovers? The unsuccessful rival was there, too. He was the bagman with the hooked nose. And the young mother with her baby?'

"I saw no baby," I said.

"No; it was dead. But the mother was with it, though she sat there alone in the crowd."

Now, I had seen only an indistinguishable crowd of people. I read no history of greed, or love, or death, in their faces."

A story with a similar meaning is told of a picture exhibited in New York a year or two ago. A wealthy merchant with his wife stopped before it. It represented the tower of a church covered with wild ivy, crimsoned by the frost, and in its shadow an old Italian peasant crouching over a basket of fruit.

"What a picturesque effect!" exclaimed the millionaire. "Nonsense," said the artist. "The tower," said the artist, "who happened to be present, 'is opposite your own chamber windows, and the 'fruit' is old Lisa, who has been sitting there all summer."

The merchant, no doubt, appeared ridiculous in the eyes of the artist for his lack of artistic sight. Yet it is probable that if a bundle of scraps of cloth had been placed before him, his eyes would have been keen to detect differences which the artist could not see.

Every object in the world is like a letter of the alphabet, and each man's eye, with differing insight and training, spells out with these letters differing words.

Let us not be too sure that our own word is always the highest or the best; nor obtrude our method of spelling too confidently on our neighbor.

A Dyak Climber.

The hill Dyaks of Borneo are expert climbers. Mr. Hornaby, while collecting specimens of natural history, saw a Dyak ascend a large tapang tree, five feet in diameter at the base, straight as a ship's mast, and without the smallest limb or knot for a hundred and twenty feet up.

The man went up the tree to secure a bee's nest hanging from the under side to the lowest limb. The nest was simply a large, naked, triangular piece of white comb.

A Dyak "ladder" had been put up the previous year, and reached from the ground to the branches. It consisted of seven twenty-foot bamboo poles held almost end to end alongside the trunk by sharp pegs driven into the soft wood about two feet apart.

The pegs were driven first on one side of the poles and then on the other, and to them the bamboos were lashed by rattans, which held them firmly about eight inches from the tree. These pegs served as the rungs of the ladder.

The builder must have been a bold man, with nerves of steel. He was obliged to let the ends of the poles overlap a few feet in order to build the ladder with safety to himself.

The completion of the ladder was most difficult. Clinging to the slight bamboo pole, a hundred feet from the ground, he hauled up the last bamboo, twenty feet long, drove in the peg, lashed the lower end of the pole to it, and then ascended that shaking bamboo to fasten it at the top.

The Dyak honey hunter fastened to his back a basket to receive the honey. Making up his torchwood, with which to smoke the bees out of the nest and away from himself, he ignited it, slung it by a cord from his neck, so that it would hang below his feet, and started up the slender "ladder."

Hand and foot he went up, peg after peg, with a nonchalant ease which would have done credit to the most daring of sailors. Even that sailor would have been pardoned if he was a little shaky, while climbing a tall factory chimney by the lightning rod.

On reaching the lower limb, 120 feet from the ground, he took his torch in one hand, waved it to and fro, until it smoked freely, and then crawled out along the bare branch until he was in reach of the coveted nest.

Examining it first on one side and then on the other, he shouted down as cheerfully as if his climb had been nothing, "No honey!"

Leaving the comb untouched, he descended, with a smile, and reached the ground without the least tremor.

Made the Right Answer.

A tramp having tried many expedients to procure food, and not having succeeded, hit upon a novel idea. He made believe to nibble the grass in front of a large house. Presently a lady came out.

"Are you hungry, poor man?" she asked.

"Yes," answered the tramp, faintly.

"Well, the grass is longer in the back yard," said the lady, laughing.

was in the habit of going into the grounds of the castle of Osmerville, where they often had music. The lady of the house had an excellent voice, and every time she sang the donkey came to the windows and listened attentively. One day a piece of music took Noddy's fancy so completely that he made his way into the room where the lady was practicing, and began to bray with all his might, to her no small consternation.

Few people would look for intelligence in the vulgar pig, yet the following incident indicates a different state of things. Two pigs were bought by a farmer at Reading market, to which they had been brought from a distance of some miles. The animals were then removed to Caversham, two miles from Reading. Next morning they were missing, and later on news arrived that two pigs had been seen swimming across the Thames. They were then traced to Pangbourne, and finally presented themselves at their old home, after a journey of nine miles.

In Madagascar, an elephant keeper, having a coconut in his hand, chose, for fun, to break it against the animal's head. The following day the elephant saw some coconuts exposed in the street before a shop, and taking one up with his trunk, he killed his keeper with a single blow. This was literally practicing the law of retaliation.

A goat had been fed by servants at a certain door, and got upon such familiar terms that, if the time for bringing out the expected food was allowed to pass by, he butted at the door until it was opened.

A sheep and her lamb, having been taken from Edinburgh to a place in Perthshire, escaped from their new home and returned to the old one after a nine days' journey.

A cow had been sent away from her own pastures to a place twenty miles off, in the spring. As the feed was good, she remained quietly in her new home during the summer, but as winter drew on, the quality of the grass changed for the worse. The animal resented this, and, escaping from the pasture, presented herself at her old home with sundry eager and indignant lowings.

In Germany an aged blind woman was led to church every Sunday by a gander, which dragged her along, holding her gown in his beak.

A male and female canary, having no materials for making a nest, hit on the expedient of tearing out the feathers of their first brood to prepare a bed for the second.

Captain McClure says that two ravens, who watched every movement on board his ship in the polar regions, were constantly outwitting his watch dog and stealing his food. They would entice the angry quadruped to follow them for a distance, and then, suddenly flying back, would arrive at the mess tins of the crew and snatch off the best bone before the dog could return.

Battle with a Cave Eel.

In "Sub-Tropical Rambles in Mauritius" the author, Mr. Nicolas Pike, thus describes an adventure with a monstrous cave eel. Seated on a projection of rock, he says, beside a small arched basin containing about six feet of water clear as crystal, he was watching the graceful movements of several lovely little chaetodons when suddenly they vanished as if by magic. As he had not stirred he was curious to learn the cause of the panic. For some moments he could discern nothing, but at length caught a glimpse of part of an eel's head, no larger than a man's thumb, protruding through the opening in the pink coral bed four or five inches in width.

Finding that the animal did not come out, and that he was evidently lying in wait for his prey, I determined to take him if possible, and so baited a good-sized hook which I suspended over his hole.

Instantly hook and bait were seized, and I saw that I had an ugly customer to deal with, a large, savage fellow. It was a cod-hook with a steel chain, and with a jerk I drew out the eel's head from the crevice, then called loudly to Jumna, my native assistant, who was a weak little man, to hold on tightly to the line while I jumped into the water to spear the eel. Jumna looked terrified, and plainly did not like the job; nevertheless, he held on like grim death.

I carefully lowered myself into the water and approached the hole, when suddenly the creature came at me boldly. I was a little too quick for him, however, and planted my grains in his neck about six inches from his head.

Then began a struggle. The water in the pool appeared to boil as with lime and spear we put forth all our strength to haul the eel out upon the rocks.

Foot by foot we drew him forth until fully three yards of his squirming body were extended on the reef. Still we saw no end. Ten feet, eleven feet were pulled out!

"Why," I exclaimed, "we've caught a young serpent."

At length his tail came out with a sweep around toward our legs, when we quickly ran up the rocks, dragging our game after us. Even on land we had much ado to hold him until I had severed the vertebrae in several places with my hatchet.

This specimen measured twelve feet three inches in length, and round the largest part of the head fourteen and a half inches. The head terminates in a blunt point, having two small, bright eyes not more than an inch from the end.

The large mouth is filled with long, sharp teeth; even the roof is covered with these formidable weapons. There can be little doubt that this eel would prove a dangerous antagonist to an unarmed person.

Ought to Know.

An English gentleman who believed that his name was honorably known in connection with his learned "History of the Mongols" once had reason to reflect upon the uncertainty of fame. An exchange tells the story.

Sir Henry Howarth sat at dinner next to a lady whose mind seemed full of the disease and distresses of her pet dog, and who bombarded Sir Henry with questions as to what should be done.

"Why," I exclaimed, "we've caught a young serpent."

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her great disappointment at his ignorance, and remarked:

"Well, Sir Henry, I must say I did think you would have told me how to manage my little dog, particularly as it is cross-bred—you who wrote that delightful 'History of the Mongrels!'"

The following is a verbatim copy of a notice which the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Company has had printed, framed and sent to various shops and offices. They are posted for the benefit of the employees. The sentiment conveyed is given as that which actuates the company in their treatment of employees:

"The servant, man or woman, who begins an application for services by inquiring what privileges are attached to the offered situation, and whose energy is shown chiefly in stipulations, reservations, and conditions to lessen the burden of the place, will not be often worth the hiring. The clerk whose last place was 'too hard for him,' has a poor introduction to a new sphere of duty.

"There is only one spirit that achieves a great success. The man who seeks only how to make himself most useful, whose aim is to render himself indispensable to his employer, whose whole being is animated with the purpose to fill the largest possible place in the walk assigned to him, has, in the exhibition of that spirit, the guarantee of success. He commands the situation."

Trust Well Warranted.

Some erring men need only a kind word and a helping hand to ensure their reformation. The benevolent people who trust human nature sufficiently to offer such help to all chance comers may be deceived, but they are also at times abundantly rewarded. The editor of a Georgia paper is so noted for his deeds of charity that he is often imposed upon, but he can afford to laugh over his failures in the face of a success like the following:

About 11 o'clock one night he was awakened from a sound sleep by some one stumbling over a chair in an adjoining room. He seized his pistol, and running in there, soon had a burglar by the collar. Holding him fast, he struck a light, and the features of a young man were disclosed.

"What do you want?" asked the editor; but the fellow was so frightened that he could only stammer out the fact that he had been driven to desperation by hunger.

"Why did you not go to work?"

"I could get no work, sir."

"What is your occupation?"

"I am a mechanic."

"Would you work if you had a job?"

"Yes, I would. I never attempted to steal before. I am so hungry, I had to do something."

Making him sit down, the editor looked at him a few moments, and remarked, "I believe you are telling me the truth. Here is a half-dollar. Go to some restaurant and get something to eat, and come here tomorrow and I will find you a job. But don't try stealing any more."

The poor fellow broke down completely, and next day, true to his word, he came to the office, was given a job, and afterwards became an honest, hard-working citizen of the town.

How a Bell was Bought.

In the seventeenth century the little town of Grosslauritz, in Germany, very much wanted a new bell, as the old one was too small to send its tones to the end of the village; but the people of the place were too poor to defray the cost.

One Sunday, when the schoolmaster, Gottfried Hayn, was going to church, he noticed growing out of the church yard wall a flourishing green stalk of corn, the seed of which must have been dropped there by a passing bird. The idea suddenly struck him that perhaps this one stalk of corn could be made the means of procuring the second bell they wanted so much.

He waited till the corn was ripe, and then he plucked the six ears on it and sowed them in his own garden. The next year he gathered the little crop thus produced, and sowed it again, till at last he had not enough room in his garden for the crop, and so he divided it among a certain number of farmers, who went on sowing the ears until in the eighth year the crop was so large that when it was put together and sold they found that they had enough money to buy a beautiful bell, with its story and its birthday engraved upon it, and a cast of the cornstalk to which it owed its existence.

There could hardly be a better instance than the above of the wealth that lies in a careful husbanding of resources.

A Sagacity of a Dog.

An officer of the Forty-fourth regiment who had occasion, when in London, to pass one of the bridges across the Thames, had his boots, which had been previously well polished, dirtied by a poodle dog rubbing against them. He, in consequence, went to a man who was stationed on the bridge, and had them cleaned.

The same circumstance having occurred more than once, his curiosity was excited, and he watched the dog.

He saw him roll himself in the mud of the river, and then watch for a person with well-polished boots, against which he contrived to rub himself.

Finding that the shoeblack was the owner of the dog, he taxed him with the artifice; and after a little hesitation he confessed that he had taught the dog the trick in order to procure customers for himself.

The officer, being much struck with the dog's sagacity, purchased him at a high price and took him to York. He kept him tied up in York some time and then released him. The dog remained with him a day or two, and then made his escape.

A fortnight afterwards he was found with his former master pursuing his old trick.

DRY,